

A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

10¢

NO. 17



HELLO, ADOLF! GREETINGS FROM CAPT. MIDNIGHT!

WHILE THEY LAST! MOST SENSATIONAL OFFER SINCE PEARL HARBOR!

GENUINE 5 POWER TELESCOPE

FOLDS SO SMALL
CAN GO IN POCKET
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Life Service Shoulder Strap
CARRYING CASE

MAKES FAR-OFF OBJECTS 5 TIMES LARGER
IT MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO REPLACE FINE FIELD
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You must not confuse this modern 5-power telescope with the awkward, old fashioned type that pulled out to two or three feet long. This modern telescope is genuine 5-power, but is small and compact enough to be carried easily in your pocket, or at your side in the handy new carrying case, with shoulder straps. The carrying case is military style. It is water proof, acid proof, oil proof, so it will give your telescope the protection it needs. You'll be proud of both telescope and carrying case you'll find a daily, thrilling use. And to help you spot airplanes, don't fail to see below the wonderful FREE gift you will receive with your telescope. . . . An airplane spotter's guide with accurate silhouettes showing you how to identify 16 different United States fighters and bombers, and 15 different enemy war planes. Just for your promptness in sending the coupon.

MOST AMAZING BARGAIN EVER OFFERED!

Why pay ten or fifteen dollars for an expensive pair of field glasses, when you can have this fine powerful compact telescope complete with water, acid, and oil proof, handy shoulder strap carrying case? It's yours if you act promptly for an amazing low price that's almost unbelievable even in peace times when glasses are easy to get. Right now, when you need it as never before this marvelous 5-power telescope is

**Not \$15.00 . . . Not \$10.00 . . . But
ONLY \$1.49 WHILE THEY LAST**

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BOYS, GIRLS,
MAIL THE
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**CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT**
BATTLES THROUGH
NEW STARTLING
ADVENTURES!
THE AMERICANS
WHO FORGOT!

(THE MOST DARING CAPT. MIDNIGHT STORY EVER!)
SGT. TWILIGHT MEETS GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!
THE WOLF OF THE WASPS!
THE PLANE THAT WOULDN'T STAY DOWN!
PLUS

**JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR! EPISODE 8 OF YOUR
FAVORITE AIR-FACT SERIAL.**

THUNDER SEA! RED SKYE ON THE RAMPAGE!
YOUR INVENTION PAGES! LOOK FOR YOUR IDEAS!

THEY'RE UNDER FIRE! YOU'RE UNDER OBLIGATION!



ORDER IN ADVANCE! We are trying to cooperate 100% in the war effort. With this aim in view, and due to the paper shortage, we are cutting down on the number of copies of each magazine printed. We therefore suggest that you ask your news dealer to reserve your copy of your favorite comics, just to make sure he isn't all sold out when you get to the stand. ** Incidentally, if the issue isn't on sale the day we announced it would be, remember the transportation difficulties. Every now and then a magazine will be late, even though we'll do our best to avoid it. We're cooperating! Will you? **RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!**

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CAPTAIN

MIDNIGHT

AND THE AMERICANS
WHO FORGOT!!

PEACE
AT ANY
PRICE!

WHEREVER WARPLANES BLAST DEATH AT THE AXIS, YOU'LL FIND THE PRODUCTS OF THE GREAT BIDDLE AIRCRAFT PLANT OF BIDDLEVILLE, U.S.A. AND IN THAT TOWN WHERE SO MUCH GOOD EQUIPMENT WAS MANUFACTURED, THE WRONG KIND OF HISTORY WAS ALMOST MADE! THE MOST DARING CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT STORY EVER!



BUT, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT--
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY
THAT WAR DEPARTMENT
FELLOW IS MEETING US
HERE IN BIDDLEVILLE --!

NOR DO
I, ICKY--
BUT WE'LL
FIND OUT!



THEY TAKE A SHORT CUT
THROUGH THE PARK --

...AND I SAY OUR GOVERNMENT
COULD END THE WAR IF IT
WANTED TO -- BUT IT LETS
OUR BOYS BE KILLED INSTEAD!

HOLD
ON A
MINUTE,
ICKY!





CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT DROPS A TINY PELLET ONTO THE GROUND--

THIS SMOKE SHOULD GIVE ME TIME--



--TO CHANGE MY COSTUME TO ONE THEY'LL RECOGNIZE!



SORRY TO
BREAK UP
YOUR
BRAWL!

IT'S
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!

UGH!



YOU PEOPLE WERE ALL READY TO JUMP ON THIS YOUNG MAN-- DON'T YOU SEE THAT'S WHAT THEY WANT? TO MAKE A MOB OF YOU-- SO YOU'LL DO ANYTHING THEY TELL YOU?

WE JUST WANT OUR SOLDIERS BACK HOME, THAT'S ALL!



YOU
TELL
'EM,
CAP!

IF YOUR SOLDIERS COME BACK AFTER A NEGOTIATED PEACE, THEY'LL HAVE SUFFERED AND DIED IN VAIN. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

MAYBE
HE'S
RIGHT!

LET'S
GO
HOME!

I'M ALL MIXED
UP NOW!



WELL, WE
BROKE
UP THAT
MEETING,
ANYHOW!

I HOPE IT DID SOME GOOD! NOW LETS FIND THE BIDDLE HOTEL AND MEET OUR WAR DEPARTMENT FRIEND!



A SHORT TIME LATER, AS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, HE MEETS A WAR DEPARTMENT AGENT IN THE BIDDLE HOTEL.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION IS WAY DOWN IN THIS WHOLE AREA.

AND YOU THINK TALK OF THE WAR ENDING QUICKLY WITH A NEGOTIATED PEACE IS THE CAUSE OF IT? WELL, THERE'S CERTAINLY PLENTY OF THAT TALK AROUND HERE!

WE'D LIKE YOU TO LOCATE THE TROUBLE. YOU'VE NEVER FAILED US YET, ALBRIGHT!

IT'S NOT SO EASY WHEN THERE'S NOTHING TANGIBLE TO FIGHT-- BUT I'LL DO MY BEST! GOOD DAY!

AS THEY LEAVE THE HOTEL --

WELL--I'M GLAD TO SEE OUR IMPULSIVE CITIZENS HAVEN'T FRIGHTENED YOU INTO LEAVING TOWN, SON!

WHAT? OH-- YOU'RE THE MAN WHO WARNED ME ABOUT THE SOAPBOX ORATOR!

HECK, WE AIN'T LEAVIN'-- WE'RE GONNA GET JOBS!

THAT'S RIGHT --WE THOUGHT PERHAPS WE COULD GET ON AT THE BIDDLE FACTORY!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT! AND I THINK I CAN HELP YOU!

THE BIDDLE PLANT OCCUPIES MORE SPACE THAN THE TOWN, WHICH CLUSTERS CLOSE TO THE FACTORY GATE!

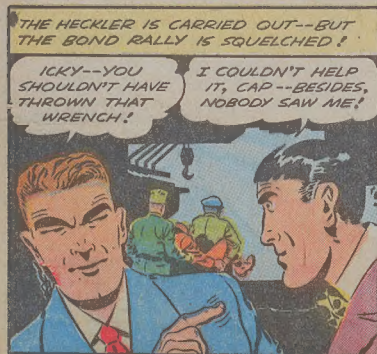
JOE, I'VE GOT TWO NEW EMPLOYEES! TAKE CARE OF THEM, WILL YOU?

YES, SIR! I'LL DO THAT!

GOLLY--DON'T WE HAVE TO FILL OUT APPLICATIONS OR NUTHIN'?

OH, MR. SMITH WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT FOR YOU! ANY PARTICULAR PLACE YOU'D LIKE TO WORK?

HMMM--MR. SMITH IS A MIGHTY ACCOMODATING FELLOW!



THOUGH CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT HIDES HIS REAL NAME, HIS GENIUS SHINES FORTH. AND IN A FEW WEEKS HE AND ICKY HAVE MADE AMAZING PROGRESS AT THE BIDDLE FACTORY!

THIS IS YER THIRD PROMOTION-- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

CALL IT BEGINNER'S LUCK, JAKE!

HEY, BUSTER-- WHY DONTCHA TAKE IT EASY? YER WORKIN' TOO HARD!

I BEG YOUR PARDON? WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?

YOU GOT THE WRONG SLANT, BUSTER, -- ALL THIS PRODUCTION IS ONLY MAKIN' THE WAR LAST LONGER!

NO KIDDING?

WE'RE HAVIN' A MEETIN' TONIGHT-- AT THIS ADDRESS! COME AROUND AND WE'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL SO'S YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT!

YOU CAN COUNT ON IT, WE'LL-- I'LL BE THERE!

ME, TOO!

THAT NIGHT--

THIS IS IT, ICKY! THE LEADERS OF THIS MEETING ARE THE BOYS WE'RE AFTER, I'M SURE!

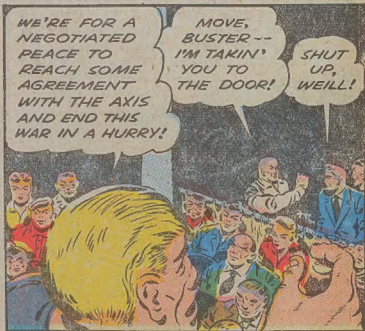
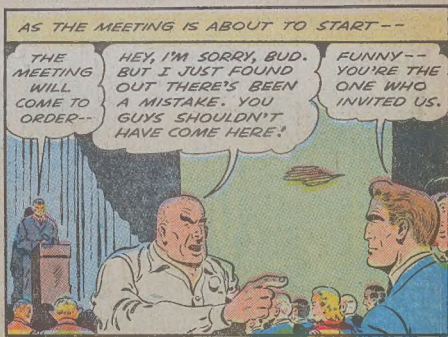
HEY-- LOOK WHO'S HERE!

HELLO, THERE! I'M--ER-- SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE!

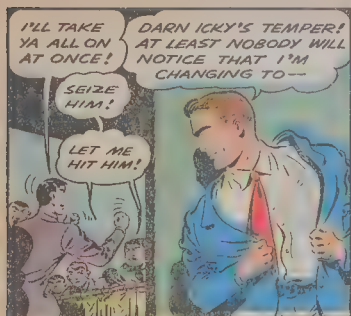
HELLO, MR. SMITH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HA-HA-- I MAKE IT A POINT TO KEEP UP WITH EVERYTHING! HA-HA!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AT ONE OF A ROW OF NONDESCRIPT APARTMENT HOUSES--

I HAD A HUNCH WE MIGHT NEED THIS EXTRA APARTMENT FOR A HIDE-OUT SO I RENTED ONE HERE. GO GET OUR THINGS, ICKY!

RIGHT, CAP'N-- GOSH, YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING.



NEXT DAY IN THEIR NEW QUARTERS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT UNDERTAKES A STRANGE TASK!

YOU DID A GOOD JOB REPAIRING THIS SECOND-HAND PRINTING PRESS, ICKY!

YEAH--BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THESE POSTERS, CAP'N. YOU'RE SUPPORTIN' THAT THERE PEACE PARTY!



I WANT THEM TO WIN THE ELECTION, ICKY-- AND YOU'LL SEE WHY!



SOME TIME LATER, AFTER THE ELECTION, AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!

BOYS, THE PEACE PARTY WON. THANKS TO ALL THE POSTERS AND HELP FROM THEIR UNKNOWN FRIEND! NOW SET UP THIS HEADLINE--

HOLD IT, BUSTER-- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO PRINT FROM NOW ON!



A FEW DAYS LATER --

I GUESS I'M GLAD THE PEACE PARTY WON-- BUT WHY DO THEY HAVE SO MANY POLICEMEN ALL OF A SUDDEN?

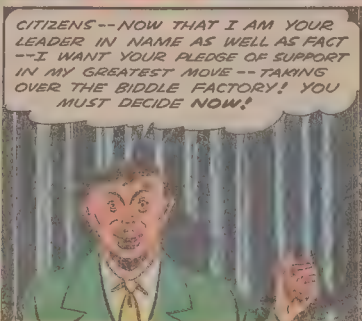
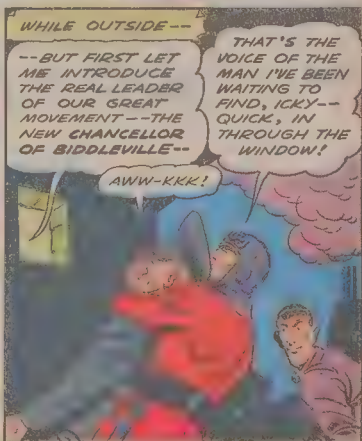
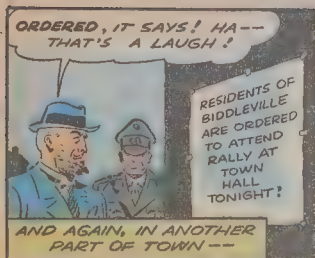


THE NEW POLICE ARE HERE TO PROTECT YOU--AND DON'T FORGET IT!

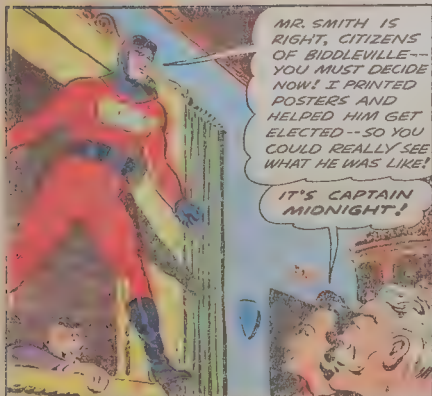


BUT WHAT IS THIS?

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

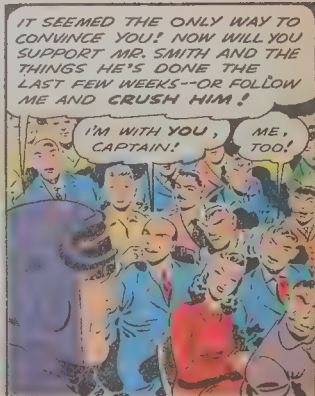


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



MR. SMITH IS RIGHT, CITIZENS OF BIDDLEVILLE-- YOU MUST DECIDE NOW! I PRINTED POSTERS AND HELPED HIM GET ELECTED--SO YOU COULD REALLY SEE WHAT HE WAS LIKE!

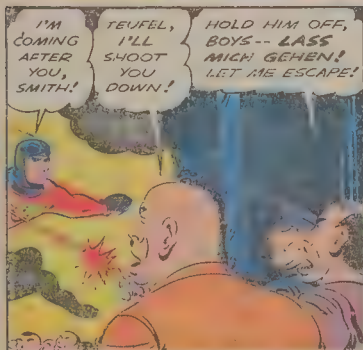
IT'S CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



IT SEEMED THE ONLY WAY TO CONVINCE YOU! NOW WILL YOU SUPPORT MR. SMITH AND THE THINGS HE'S DONE THE LAST FEW WEEKS--OR FOLLOW ME AND CRUSH HIM!

I'M WITH YOU, CAPTAIN!

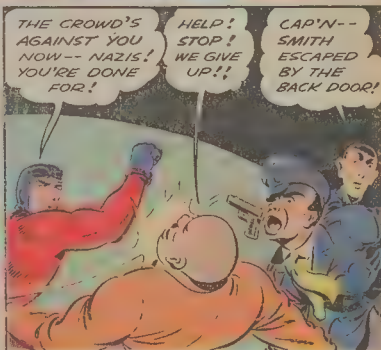
ME, TOO!



I'M COMING AFTER YOU, SMITH!

TEUFEL, I'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN!

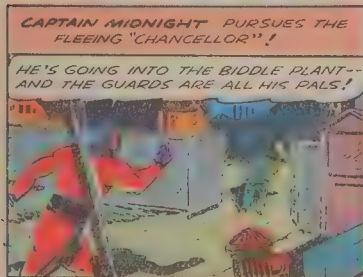
HOLD HIM OFF, BOYS-- LASS MICH GEHEN! LET ME ESCAPE!



THE CROWD'S AGAINST YOU NOW-- NAZIS! YOU'RE DONE FOR!

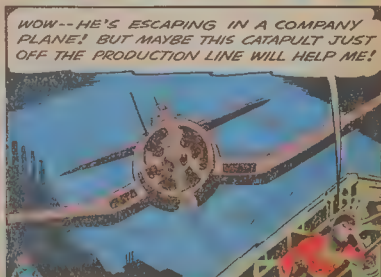
HELP! STOP! WE GIVE UP!!

CAP'N-- SMITH ESCAPED BY THE BACK DOOR!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT PURSUES THE FLEEING "CHANCELLOR"!

HE'S GOING INTO THE BIDDLE PLANT-- AND THE GUARDS ARE ALL HIS PALS!



WOW-- HE'S ESCAPING IN A COMPANY PLANE! BUT MAYBE THIS CATAPULT JUST OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE WILL HELP ME!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT STEPS INTO THE CATAPULT AND A BIDDLE WORKER RELEASES IT!

GOLLY! THAT GADGET PACKS A TERRIFIC WALLOP! HERE I COME, SMITH!

BOOM!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S AIM IS GOOD!

YOU HAD ME FOOLED ALL RIGHT, SMITH!

JA! AND THOSE WILL BE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S LAST WORDS!

THE LAST WORD'S YOU'LL HEAR ME SAY, SMITH! LIKE ALL TRAITORS, SHOWING YOUR TRUE COLORS WAS YOUR DOWNFALL!

AAAAEEEEEE!

NEXT DAY--

SO SMITH WAS A NAZI AGENT! BUT CAP'N--THOSE NEGOTIATED PEACE PARTY FELLERS WEREN'T GERMANS!

NO, ICKY, BUT THEY WERE NAZI-MINDED! REAL AMERICANS KNOW THAT THE ONLY WAY TO FINISH THE AXIS IS TO BATTLE THEM TO UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!

ELECTION
TUESDAY
TO RESTORE
DEMOCRACY
TO BIDDLEVILLE



MET MARY MARVEL!

IF YOU HAVE, YOU KNOW WHAT A BATTLING FIREBRAND SHE IS!

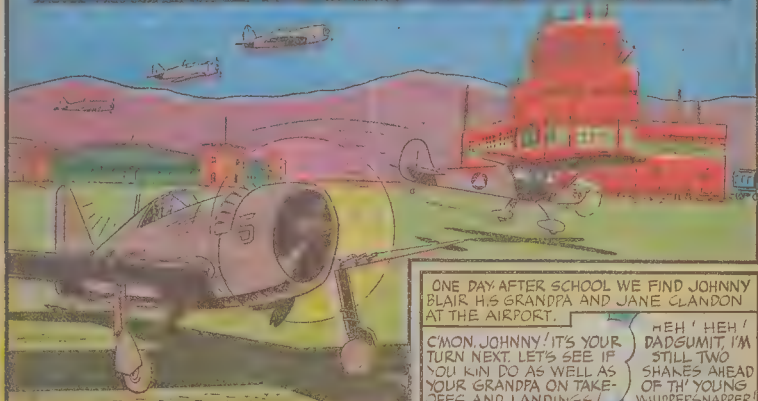
IF YOU HAVEN'T, YOU'VE GOT AN ACTION TREAT IN STORE FOR YOU!

MARY MARVEL, COMMANDO YANK, PHANTOM EAGLE, AND MR. SCARLET AND PINKY BATTLE TO VICTORY IN

WOW
COMICS

ORDER IT AT YOUR NEWSSTAND • 10¢

JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR



HERE'S JOHNNY BLAIR AGAIN, FELLERS. NOW HE'S A REGULAR MEMBER OF UNCLE SAM'S CIVIL AIR PATROL AND WITH GRANDPA BLAIR AND HIS FRIEND JANE CLANDON HE IS TAKING FLYING LESSONS FROM HANGAR HARRY HIS PAL AT THE AIRPORT. READ ABOUT HIM EVERY MONTH AS HE LEARNS TO FLY AND EVENTUALLY WINS HIS PILOT'S WINGS. SAVE THESE STORIES FOR ALL THE AVIATION INFORMATION IN THEM IS AUTHENTIC, HAVING BEEN CHECKED BY A CERTIFIED AVIATION INSTRUCTOR.

ONE DAY AFTER SCHOOL WE FIND JOHNNY BLAIR, HIS GRANDPA AND JANE CLANDON AT THE AIRPORT.

C'MON, JOHNNY! IT'S YOUR TURN NEXT. LET'S SEE IF YOU KIN DO AS WELL AS YOUR GRANDPA ON TAKE-OFFS AND LANDINGS!

HEH ' HEH ' DADGUMMIT, I'M STILL TWO SHANES AHEAD OF TH' YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER!

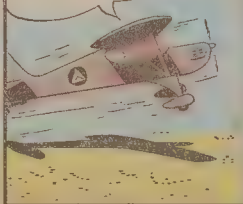


WE'RE HEADED INTO THE WIND JOHNNY, SO LET'S GO! SAFETY BELT TIGHT! PUSH IN THE THROTTLE SLOWLY AND PUSH THE WHEEL FORWARD TO NEUTRAL AS SOON AS WE BEGIN TO ROLL.

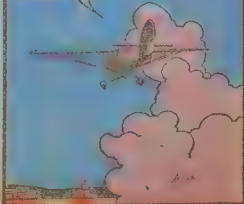
CAP!



FOLLOW ME WITH THE CONTROLS, KEEP THE PLANE STRAIGHT INTO THE WIND WITH THE RUDDER, AND NOW AS WE PICK UP FLYING SPEED, JUST PULL THE WHEEL BACK A BIT... AND SHE'LL TAKE OFF ALL BY HERSELF!

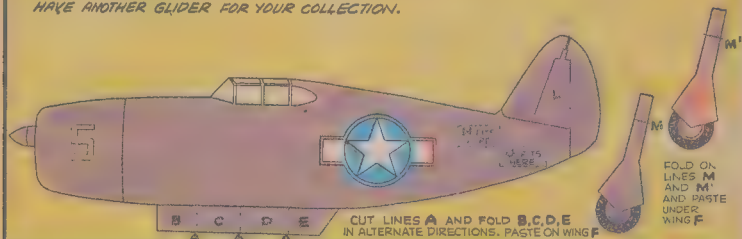


NOW WE'RE STILL GOIN' PRETTY SLOW, SO WE'LL LOWER THE NOSE AND GIT GOIN' FASTER! THE FASTER WE GO THE LESS DANGER THERE IS OF STALLIN'.



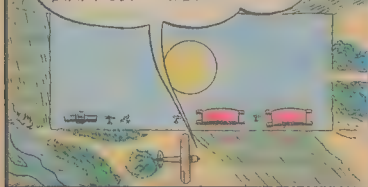
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

THIS IS A GLIDING MODEL OF THE REPUBLIC P-47 THUNDERBOLT, HIGH ALTITUDE FLYER OF THE ARMY AIR CORPS. CUT OUT THE PARTS, PASTE ON HEAVY PAPER AND ASSEMBLE AS DIRECTED. PLACE A PAPER CLIP ON THE NOSE AND YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER GLIDER FOR YOUR COLLECTION.



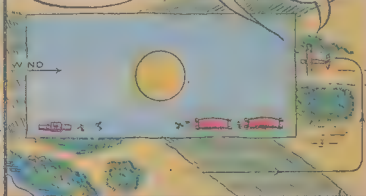
LEVELLING OFF AT 1,000 FEET, THEY PREPARE FOR THE LANDING.

WE'LL MAKE A 180° APPROACH! ON THE DOWNWIND SIDE CIRCLING THE AIRPORT TO THE LEFT IN THE TRAFFIC PATTERN, WE CLOSE THE THROTTLE AT 800 FEET JUST OPPOSITE THAT SPOT ON THE FIELD, AND START OUR GLIDE.



WE MAKE TWO 90° TURNS WHICH BRING US INTO THE FIELD HEADED INTO THE WIND! WE GOTTA REMEMBER TO KEEP THE NOSE DOWN IN A GLIDING TURN AND ALSO TO 'GUN' THE ENGINE EVERY 30 SECONDS TO CLEAR IT!

BUT HOW DO WE KNOW WHEN TO MAKE THESE TURNS?



THAT COMES WITH EXPERIENCE! WITH THIS PLANE WE KEEP OUR GLIDE AT 60 M.P.H. AND NOW WE START TO BRING UP THE NOSE A BIT TO SLOW DOWN AND SETTLE, BUT DON'T GO BELOW 50 OR WE MIGHT STALL!

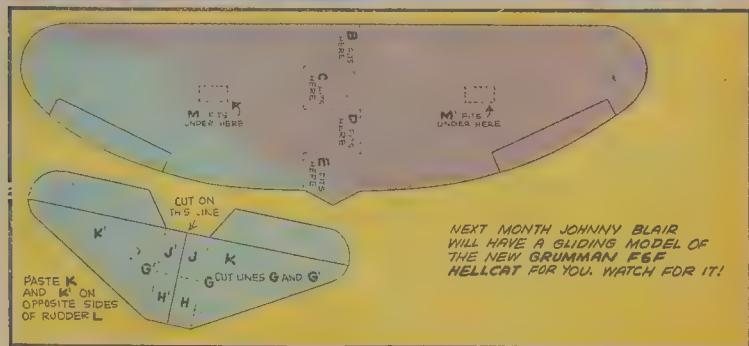
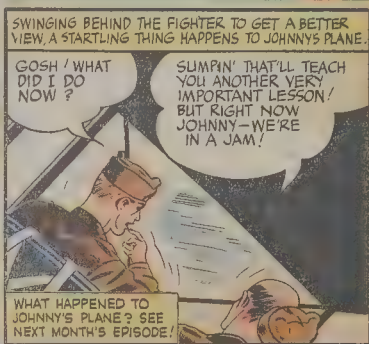
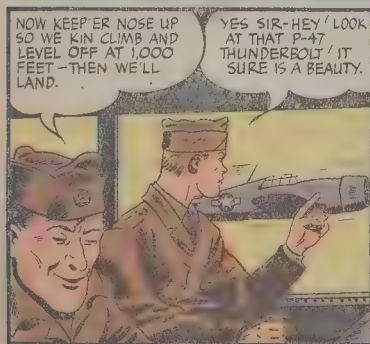
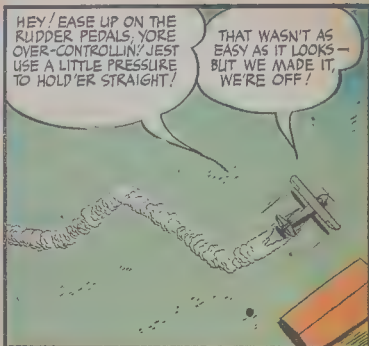
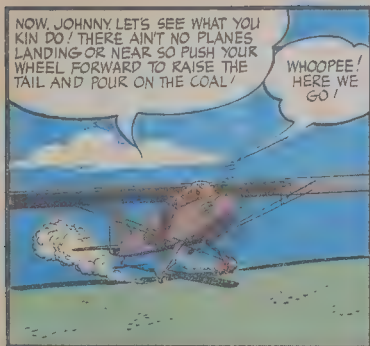


A LANDING IS REALLY A STALL ON THE GROUND! AS THE PLANE SETTLES WE PULL BACK THE STICK WHICH PULLS THE TAIL DOWN AND WE STALL IN! YOU'LL GET THE HANG OF IT AFTER YOU'VE TRIED A COUPLE!



OVER...

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

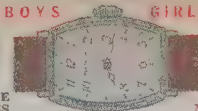


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



LADIES!

SEND NAME
& ADDRESS



BOYS

GIRLS

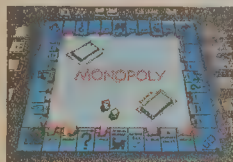


SEND NO
MONEY NOW

MAIL
COUPON

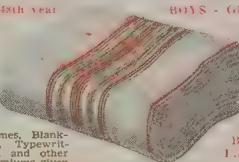
PREMIUM OR CASH GIVEN

Watches, Games, Blankets, Billfolds, School Boxes, (sent postage paid), and other premiums easily yours! SIMPLY GIVE colorful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps, mild burns, sold to friends at 25 cents a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts called for under premium wanted in catalog. Write or mail coupon for first trial order Salve sent on trust to start. THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., INC., Dept. F-50-A, TYRONE, PA.



MAIL COUPON

Games, Blankets, Typewriters, and other premiums given



MAIL COUPON

Be First

PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

SEND NO MONEY NOW
SEND NAME AND ADDRESS

SIMPLY GIVE colorful pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps, mild burns, sold to friends at 25 cents a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts called for under premium wanted in catalog. Write or mail coupon for trial order Salve sent on trust to start. THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., INC., Dept. F-50-B, TYRONE, PA.



Send No
Money Now

Send Name
& Address

PREMIUMS GIVEN



BOYS GIRLS

LADIES



4th
Year

Be
First

Watches, record Players, Games, Food Choppers, Table Covers, and other premiums easily yours! SIMPLY GIVE colorful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps, mild burns, sold to friends at 25 cents a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts called for under premium wanted in catalog. Write or mail coupon for trial order Salve sent on trust to start. THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., INC., Dept. F-50-C, TYRONE, PA.



Mail coupon

PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

Send No Money Now — Mail Card School Boxes, Billfolds, Dishes, and other premiums easily yours! SIMPLY GIVE colorful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps, mild burns, sold to friends at 25 cents a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts called for under premium wanted in catalog. Write or mail coupon for trial order Salve sent on trust to start.

BOYS & GIRLS
LADIES

Be First
4th Year
Mail Coupon

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., INC., Dept. FC-50, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

WILSON CHEMICAL Co., Inc., Dept. FC-50, TYRONE, PA. Date.....
Gentlemen.—Please send me on trial to start, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amounts within 30 days, select a premium or keep cash commission as fully explained under premium wanted in catalog, sent with order, postage paid.

NAME

R D. No..... Box No..... ST.....

TOWN STATE.....
Write or paste coupon on a postal card or mail coupon in an envelope



SALVE SOLD
THRU AGENTS
and IN
DRUG STORES

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
Association
No. 100,000,000 sold

WANTED
Boys, girls, ladies
to answer this ad-
vertisement to
earn premiums or
**We Pay
LIBERAL
CASH
COMMISSION**

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

SERGEANT TWILIGHT MEETS GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

AT A LARGE MID-WEST UNIVERSITY--

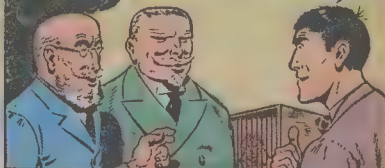
PROFESSOR WRIGHT, I'M KHAPOD MUDD, ASSISTANT TO CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT.

AH, GLAD YOU'VE ARRIVED TO WAIT FOR CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT. WE EXPECT HIM ANY DAY NOW.



THIS IS PROFESSOR HARRIS, OF THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT. WE EXPECT GREAT RESULTS FROM THE EXPERIMENTS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT WILL PERFORM ON OUR COLLECTION OF ANIMALS.

YES, SIR, THAT LOOKS LIKE THEM OVER THERE.



GOSH, A LION!

THAT'S THE BEAST CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS INTERESTED IN WORKING ON.

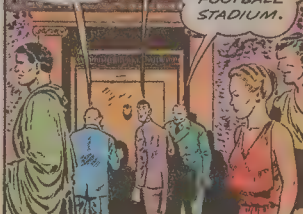
WE HAVE A FINE COLLECTION ON WHICH THE CAPTAIN CAN EVOLVE HIS THEORIES ON ANIMAL GLANDULAR DOMESTICATION. IF HE SUCCEEDS, WILD BEASTS CAN BE USED FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.



HERE IS THE HOUSE WE RESERVED FOR THE CAPTAIN'S USE, MR. MUDD. HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE HERE.

SURE, PERFESSER. BUT SAY, WHO'RE THOSE PEOPLE!

THOSE ARE THE DRAMA STUDENTS. - THEY'RE REHEARSING A CLASSIC PLAY IN THE THEATRE BEHIND THE FOOTBALL STADIUM.



THE FIRST LIGHT OF EARLY DAWN SEES ICKY SLIPPING OUT OF THE HOUSE.

THE FOOTBALL STADIUM'LL BE A PERFECT PLACE TO TRY OUT MY OWN INVENTION, A RADIO-SOUND-WAVE GENERATOR TO BRING BACK THE SPIRIT AND IMAGE OF THE PEOPLE OF OTHER TIMES!



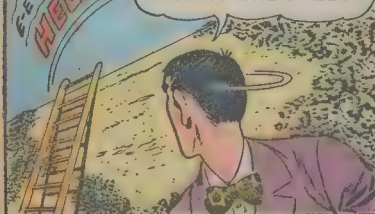
WHO'LL I TRY TO CONTACT? SOMEBODY FAMOUS LIKE— LIKE JULIUS CAESAR!



SUDDENLY--

E-E-E-EK!
HELP!

JUMPIN CATFISH! A GIRL SCREAMIN' FER HELP! IT'S COMIN' FROM THE THEATRE BEHIND THE STADIUM! THERE'S A LADDER AGAINST THE WALL.



IT WORKED! BUT THAT LION! I DIDN'T CALL HIM BACK! HEY, CAESAR! CUT THAT OUT! HE WON'T LISTEN! HEY, EMPEROR!

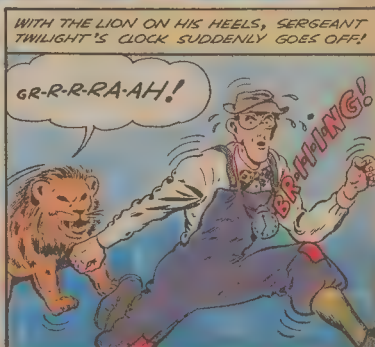
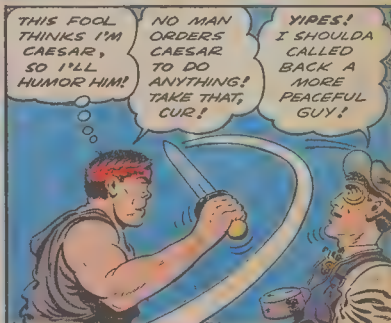


THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SERGEANT TWILIGHT! I'LL RUN AN--OOPS!



SHUCKS! THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO SERGEANT TWILIGHT!





CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

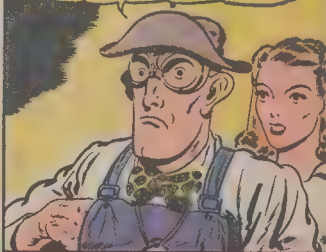
AT THE SOUND OF THE CLOCK RINGING,
THE LION LIES DOWN AND--ROLLS OVER!

LOOKIT THAT! IT JUST SHOWS
YOU CAN'T TELL BY THE LOOKS
OF A FROG HOW FAR IT'LL JUMP!

DRAT
THAT
CAT!



THAT'LL SHOW YOU THE POWER
OF SERGEANT TWILIGHT!



BUT AS SERGEANT TWILIGHT
GATHERS COURAGE---

---AID COMES TO CAESAR...

GRAB HIM! HE'LL
RUIN EVERYTHING
IF HE GETS AWAY.
TAKE THE GIRL,
TOO!

FEVVENSAKES!
CAESAR'S GOT
FRIENDS HERE!
SAY, SUMPIN'S
PHONY 'BOUT
THIS!



I'M OUTNUMBERED,
BUT SERGEANT
TWILIGHT 'LL
MAKE---UGH!

HURRY AND
PUT THE GIRL
IN THE TRUCK
WITH HIM.
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THE LION.



THAT'S RIGHT,
NERO! GET IN
THE CAGE!

WE'RE ALL SET TO
GO SOON AS WE TIE
UP THE GIRL AND
PUT HER AND THIS
EGG IN THE TRUCK.

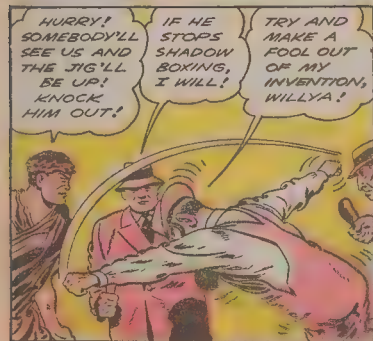
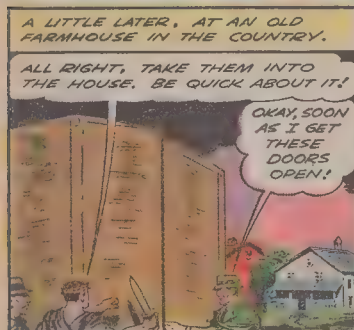
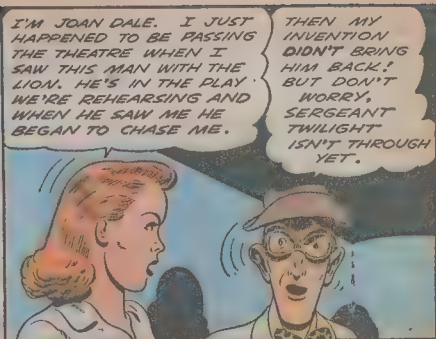
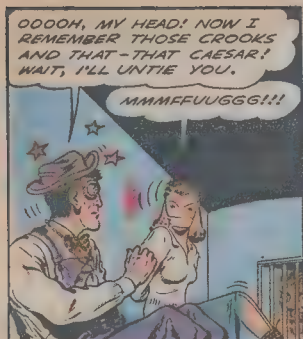


AWAY, MY GOOD MEN! THE
PROFESSOR IS WAITING AT
THE FARMHOUSE.

OKAY,
EMPEROR.



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT ENTERS
A PRIVATE COMPARTMENT--

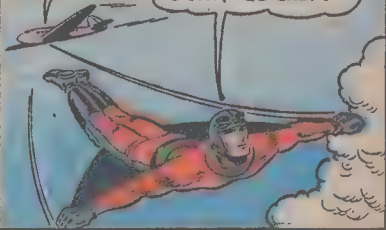
HE'D PROBABLY LIKE A VISIT
FROM AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS--



AN INSTANT LATER, A FAMOUS FIGURE
EMERGES --CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

IT'S CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!

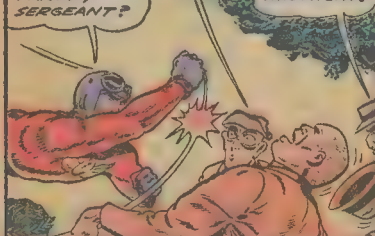
MY GLIDERCHUTE
WILL TAKE ME
DOWN QUICKLY!



MIND IF I
CRASH THIS
PARTY,
SERGEANT?

G-G-GOSH,
NO!

IT'S
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!

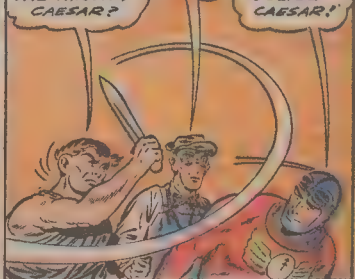


HIS FAMOUS GLIDER CHUTE WITH GLIDER AND
PARACHUTE POWERS, BEARS HIM TO EARTH!

WHO DARES
TO THWART
THE MIGHTY
CAESAR?

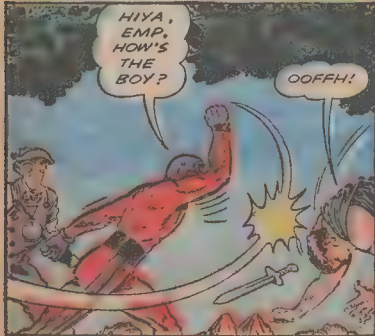
LOOKOUT,
CAP!

WELL, IF
IT ISN'T
JULIUS
CAESAR!



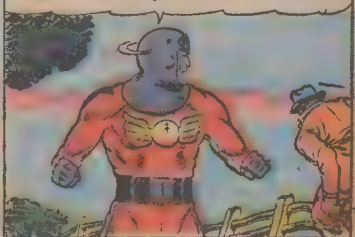
HIYA,
EMP.
HOW'S
THE
BOY?

OOFH!



SUDDENLY, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE
RUNS FROM THE FARMHOUSE...
BUT MIDNIGHT IS TOO ALERT!

OH NO, YOU DON'T! I WANT TO HAVE
A LOOK AT YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE.



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
OVERTAKES THE
FLEEING FIGURE--

WHY-
WHY
IT'S
PER-
FESSOR
HARRIS!

RIGHT,
SERGEANT,
AND THE
PROFESSOR
HAS SOME
TALL
TALKING
TO DO.

ALL- ALL
RIGHT,
YOU WIN,
MIDNIGHT!
I-I WAS
PAID TO
DELAY
CAPTAIN
ALBRIGHT'S
EXPERIMENTS
UNTIL NAZI
SCIENTISTS
COULD COMPLETE
THEIR OWN.

I ENGAGED
MY NEPHEW
TO HELP ME
STEAL THE
LION. HE'S
PLAYING CAESAR
IN THE
COLLEGE SHOW,
SO I THOUGHT
HE COULD GET
IT ACROSS THE
CAMPU WITH-
OUT EXCITING
ATTENTION.

THAT
EXPLAINS
THE FANCY
COSTUME.
BUT THE
LION...HE'S
CRAZY!
WHEN MY
CLOCK
RANG, HE
ROLLED
OVER AND
LAID
DOWN!

HE'S BEEN
TRAINED
TO DO
THAT,
SERGEANT.
IT'S
LUCKY FOR
YOU THE
CLOCK
WENT OFF
WHEN
IT DID.



THE POLICE ARRIVE--

WHAT'S
GOIN'
ON
HERE?

HERE, OFFICER,
TAKE THESE
WOULD-BE
DICTATORS
INTO CUSTODY.

CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!
JUST LEAVE
'EM WITH
US. WE'LL
TAKE CARE
O' THEM.

I'LL SEND A COLLEGE
TRUCK FOR THE LION.
WELL, SO LONG,
SERGEANT, MAYBE
WE CAN GET TOGETHER
AGAIN SOME DAY.
MEANWHILE, KEEP
UP THE GOOD WORK.

HUH? OH
YEAH, SURE,
CAPTAIN.
SO LONG.



LATER, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT ARRIVES
AT THE COLLEGE.

HELLO, CAP'N.
I'VE BEEN
SITTIN' HERE
WAITIN' FOR
YUH.

INDEED? SAY, ICKY,
I RAN INTO SERGEANT
TWILIGHT AGAIN. HE
RESCUED A PRETTY GIRL
AND SHE GAVE ME A
MESSAGE FOR HIM.

SHE TOLD ME SHE'D
REALLY LIKE TO THANK
SERGEANT TWILIGHT
FOR RESCUING HER.
TOO BAD WE DON'T
KNOW WHO HE IS.

(GULP)
UUH-YES..
(GULP)
IT
CERTAINLY
IS TOO
BAD!



He Will Show YOU HOW TO BUILD A MIGHTY BODY using my quick, easy methods," says George F. Jowett

want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back — packs a punch — a deep, barrel chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!



THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

- 1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM.** This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desire? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development, illustrated and explained as you like them.
- 2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK.** Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST.** Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, narrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP.** A complete course that will show you how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with live sinewy cables! Fingers strong as steel pincers. A hand like an iron vise—yet sensitive.
- 5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS.** Now you can have the all around human strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 5 inches, his calves by 5 inches by this simple, unbeatable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT
Jewett-trained athlete
who was named America's
first prize-winner
for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS
Champion Strength
Athlete of South
Africa. Says he "is
now availing to
Jowett methods."
Look at his chest—
then consider the
value of the Jowett
Course!

FREE!



JOWETT'S FIVE BOOKS
ON FASCINATING TRAINING MYSTERY

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book FREE, at no extra charge, if you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions." Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

**Send for These
FIVE FAMOUS COURSES** Formerly \$5 each
NOW in Book form ONLY 25c EACH!
ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for \$5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself physically fit, now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, and receive your FREE copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
250 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 492, New York City

Send me the JOWETT Course-Book
George F. Jowett checked below. If not delighted, I may return books (or books in 10 days and my "Champion" money will be refunded.)

☐ "Champion's" ☐ I enclose \$..... Send books checked.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$..... plus a few cents postage (No order less than \$1 shipped C.O.)

☐ ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR \$1

☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)
☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)

Send me the FREE book "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

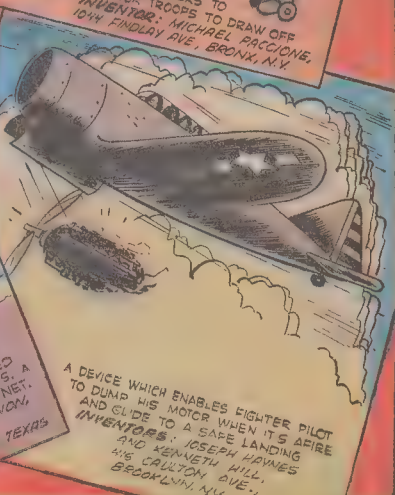
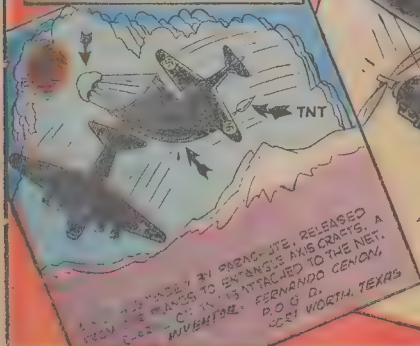
NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

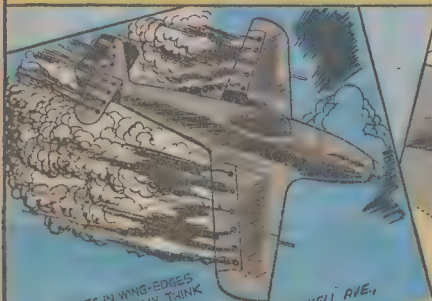
YOUR INVENTION PAGES!

More of the perfectly swell ideas sent in by our readers!
Captain Midnight reads each letter personally!



Lack of space prevents us from printing all ideas, but **YOUR**
invention may be here next month! See offer on next page!

SEND IN YOUR INVENTION! It need not be a war machine. Perhaps you have an idea for something that can be used on the home front! Let Capt. Midnight see it!



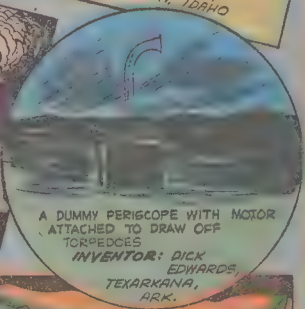
SMOKE-POTS IN WING-EDGES
TO MAKE THE ENEMY THINK
PLANE IS HIT THEN OUR
PLANES CAN SURPRISE THE ENEMY.
INVENTOR: GEORGE CHILIAN, 372 N HOWELL AVE.,
ST PAUL, MINN.



AN AUTOMATIC RELOADER FOR
MACHINE-GUNS IN COMBAT.
INVENTOR: EVAN TURLEY,
RUPERT, IDAHO



A BOMB WITH FINS ATTRACTED BY
HEAT TO SEND THE MISSILE DOWN ENEMY SMOKESTACKS.
INVENTOR: SAM DICKSON JR., 219 DEARBORN
ST., TIPTON, INDIANA



A DUMMY PERISCOPE WITH MOTOR
ATTACHED TO DRAW OFF
TORPEDCES
INVENTOR: DICK
EDWARDS,
TEXARKANA,
ARK.



A TANK ARMOURD LIKE AND CONSTRICTOR LIKE AN ALUGATOR FOR ROUGH TERRAIN AND
TO THE OPPOSITION. INVENTOR: ROLPH S. NEWBILL,
1306 TEN EYCK ST., JACKSON, MICH.

EVERYONE who submits an invention gets FREE a Patent Card signed by Captain Midnight himself. Send in your idea today--on a postcard or in a letter--to **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT**, 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut. THEN WATCH FOR IT TO APPEAR HERE!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

THE S.A. WOMEN'S AIR FORCE SERVICE PLOTS--ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST NAMES IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN MILITARY AVIATION! THEY ARE THE DARING WOMEN VOLUNTEERS WHO FERRY AMERICAN FIGHTING PLANES TO THEIR BASES--RELEASING OUR PILOTS FOR ACTUAL COMBAT! EVEN WHEN DEATH RODE AS THEIR CO-PILOT WHILE **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** BATTLED THE SINISTER FORCES THAT THREATENED THEM WITH DEATH AND DISGRACE--THEY WENT ON FLYING!



THE
WOLF
OF THE
WASPS!

AT THE SECRET NEVADA BASE WHERE CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, ARMY INVENTOR, CREATES NEW WEAPONS OF OFFENSE AND DEFENSE!

IT LOOKS SIVELL, CAPTAIN--BUT WHAT IS IT?

A NEW "ELECTRIC NOSE" GAS DETECTOR, CHUCK! THE FAINTEST TRACE OF POISON GAS IN THE AIR MAKES THE BULB LIGHT UP...

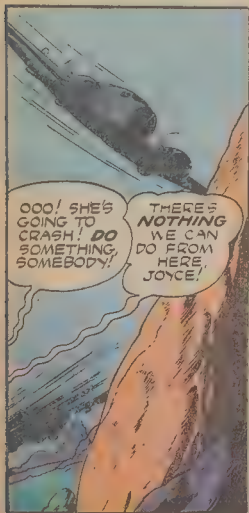
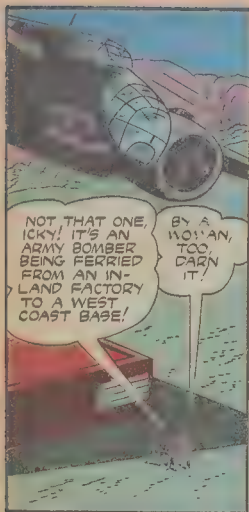


WITH THIS DETECTOR, SURPRISE GAS ATTACKS WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE! AT THE FIRST TRACE OF GAS... WHAT IS IT, ICHABOD?

HEY, CAP! A BIG PLANES GOIN' RIGHT OVER OUR BASE! IT MIGHT BE ONE OF YOUR ENEMIES...



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

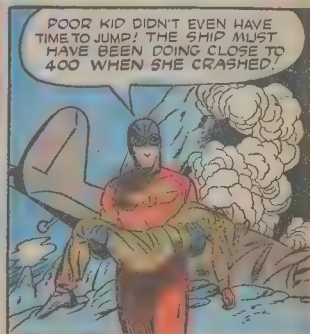
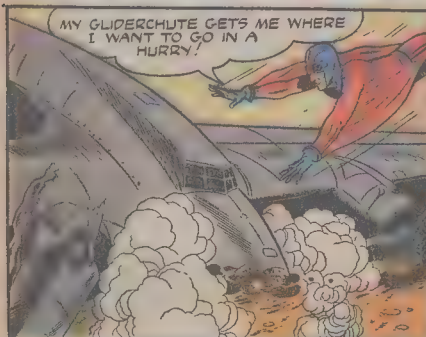


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

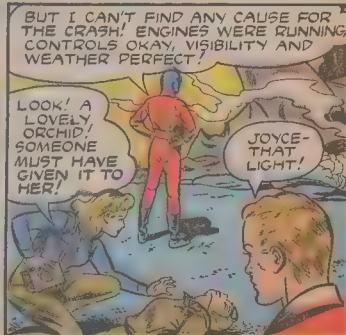
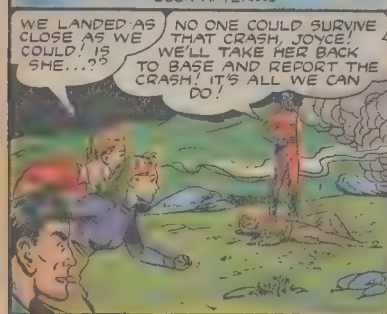
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

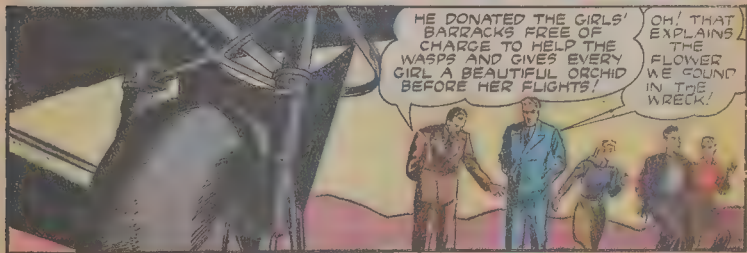
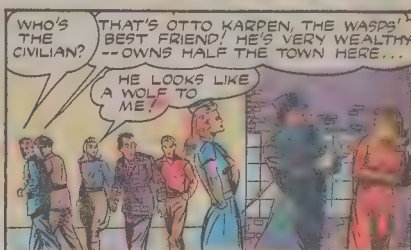
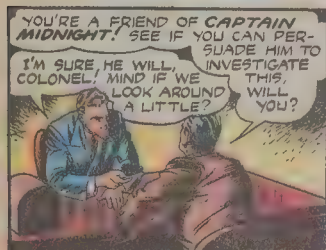
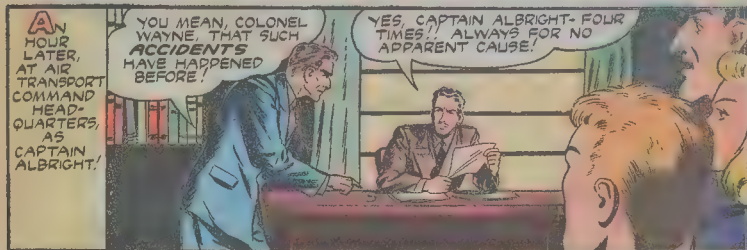
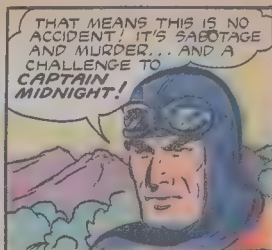
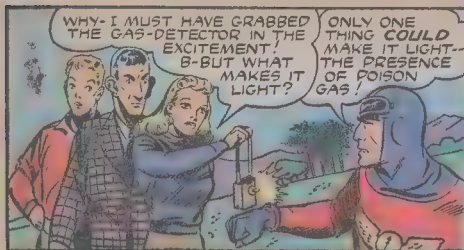


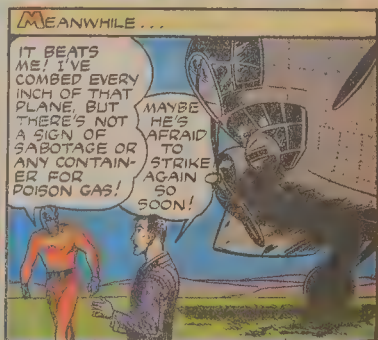
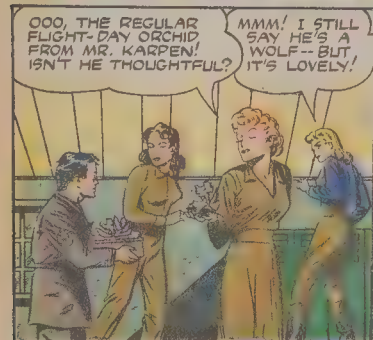
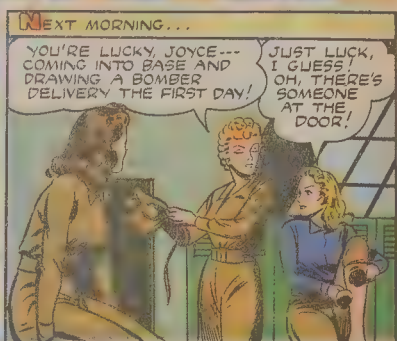
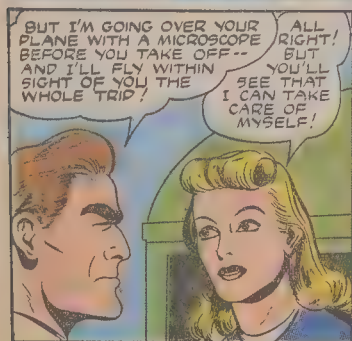
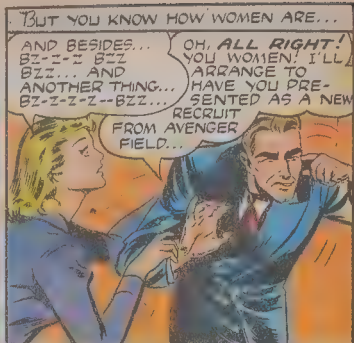
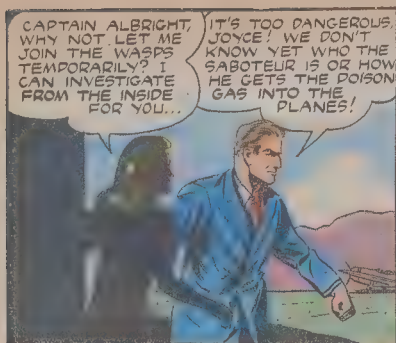
A QUICK CHANGE FROM INVENTOR TO AMERICA'S FIGHTING ACE...

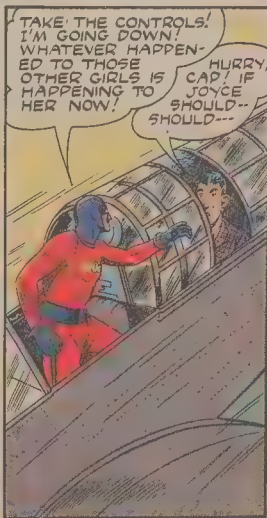
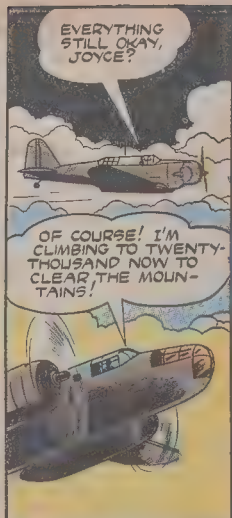
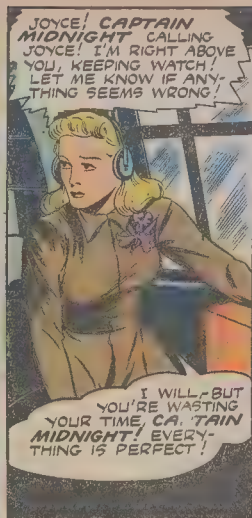


SOON AFTER...





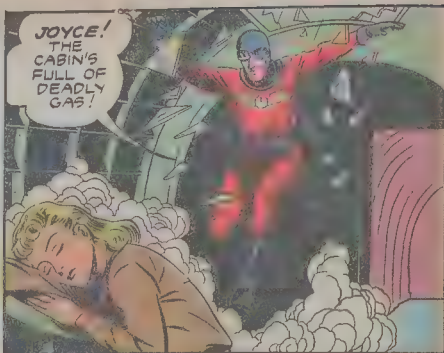




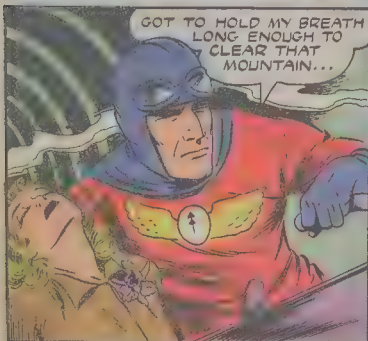
JOYCE'S LIMP BODY PUSHES THE CONTROLS AHEAD...



JOYCE!
THE CABIN'S FULL OF DEADLY GAS!



GOT TO HOLD MY BREATH LONG ENOUGH TO CLEAR THAT MOUNTAIN...

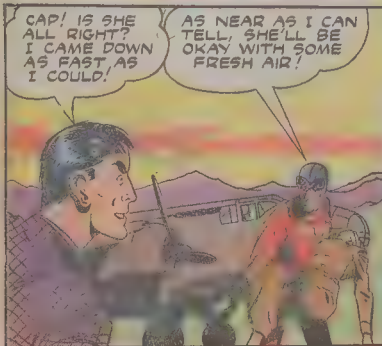


CAN'T GET OVER!
HAVE TO GO BACK--
LAND IN EMERGENCY CLEARING!



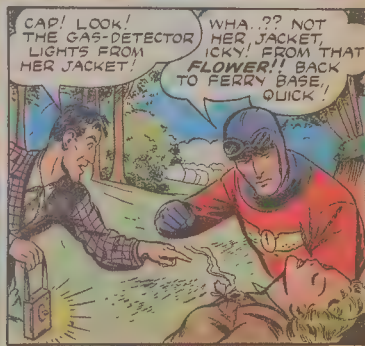
CAP! IS SHE ALL RIGHT?
I CAME DOWN AS FAST AS I COULD!

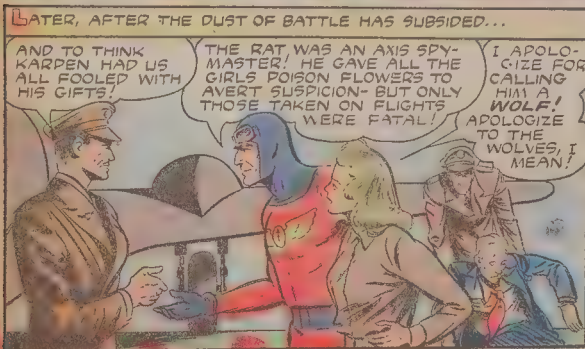
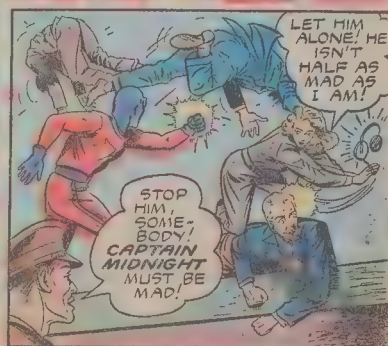
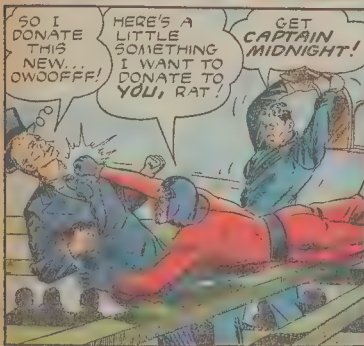
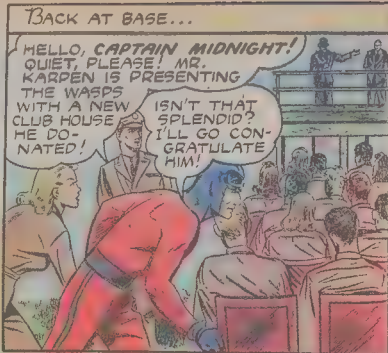
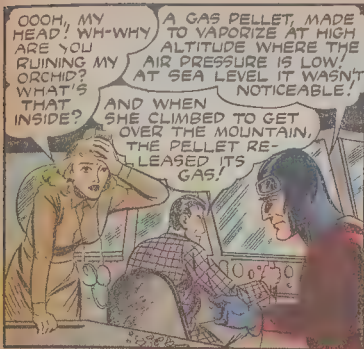
AS NEAR AS I CAN TELL, SHE'LL BE OKAY WITH SOME FRESH AIR!



CAP! LOOK! THE GAS-DETECTOR LIGHTS FROM HER JACKET!

WHA...?? NOT HER JACKET, ICKY! FROM THAT FLOWER!! BACK TO FERRY BASE, QUICK!





JOYCE SAYS,
"GIRLS CAN
FIGHT, TOO -
BY BUYING
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS"



A
RED
SKYE
SCORCHER

THUNDERSEA

BY JOSEPH J.
MILLARD

All Red Skye had to do was find our aircraft carrier before he ran out of gas! The only hitch was—the Japs found her first!!

IT WAS like flying inside a coal sack. Maybe there was a sky overhead and a limitless expanse of rolling Pacific Ocean underneath but as far as Lieutenant Red Skye of the U. S. Army Air Force was concerned, this was just a rumor. There was not a star or a glow of moonlight anywhere above; not a light nor a patch of telltale phosphorescence below. It was like flying in a bottle of black ink. The only light in the whole universe was the eerie glow of his instrument panel.

Red snapped on his hooded cockpit light and examined the map on his knee for the twentieth time. It was not much of a map... just a wide expanse of unbroken white space. In the midst of this white space there was a single, tiny dot. This dot represented a United States Aircraft Carrier. All Red Skye had to do was navigate so accurately that he could find this waiting carrier before the gasoline in his tanks ran out.

"If I don't find her in the next hour," Red told himself philosophically, "I'm due for a long, cold swim."

The ship he was flying was a Russian SU-2, a fighter that resembled the American Brewster Buccaneer. Every possible ounce of useful weight had been given to gasoline tanks to enable Red to complete his practically suicidal journey.

A week before, Red had flown a new American plane from his base in the Aleutian Islands to a secret Russian base on the Kamchatka Pen-

insula. Then he had jittered through days of enforced inactivity until orders reached him to join the U. S. Aircraft Carrier *Stingray* in mid-Pacific. But because an armed neutrality existed between Russia and Japan, this flight had to be made in inky darkness lest a sharp-eyed Jap spot him and accuse the Russians of breaching that neutrality by allowing Japan's enemies a Russian base.

"Politics," Red muttered feelingly, "are a pain in the neck. Give me a good plane and direct action any day."

He studied the dials before him. The gas gauge flickered close to EMPTY. Red snapped switches, cutting in the last of his wing tanks and then pulled a lever. The SU-2 responded with a faint upward lurch, a marked increase in speed, as the extra fuel tanks under belly and wings were cut loose. The gas remaining in the wing tanks would have to carry him to his rendezvous—or else.

Red studied the blackness above him and frowned. The weather should have broken long before this. But the sky was as black as ever. There was no way to know how far he might have been drifted off course. When dawn broke, the big 1,000 horsepower M-63 engine would be sucking the last ounces of gas from the tanks. He would either be within sight of the *Stingray*—or he would be as good as dead.

HESTUDIED the luminous dial of his watch and the furrows in his brow deepened. Dawn should be showing a faint gray in the east by now, but the darkness remained impenetrable. That meant heavy, low-hanging storm clouds that would deprive him

of the slim possibility of seeing his destination in time to reach it. Not that such a possibility held too much hope, anyway. The Pacific Ocean held something over a hundred and sixty-five million square miles of water. The *Stingray* was seven hundred and forty-nine feet long by ninety wide. Finding a dot so insignificant in an ocean so vast would be a miracle even in daylight.

Red was watching the blackness ahead, hoping for a sight of the first faint gray of dawn, when he saw the winking light. It was a few points to port of his course, a fitful, formless glow that came and went.

"Lightning," Red spat disgustedly. "That just about ties it."

Suddenly his expression changed, tightened. Out there the lightning was changing its appearance as the rocketing SU-2 clawed away the miles. Now, instead of the fitful, shapeless glow that came and went over the horizon, Red could see the source of the light... and no lightning he had ever seen grew out of winking pinpoint of crimson like that.

"Lightning—heck!" Red roared aloud, slamming the throttles to the brass. "That's gunfire. The Nips have found the carrier."

Nose down, the SU-2 went for those winking guns like a streak of greased lightning. There were hard white lumps along Red Skye's jaw and a grim set to his lips. Finding the *Stingray* and landing on her were horses of two vastly different colors—and there was no spare gas with which to go kiting around, waiting for the situation to clear up.

The battle scene was dead

ahead, now, and very close. A puzzled frown creased Red's forehead. It was an odd fight. There were no big guns dueling at all: The fire seemed to come from a fairly compact group of light weapons on one side and a single light gun on the other. Red snapped on his throat-mike and risked breaking radio silence.

"R-1 to K," he growled, using the prearranged code. "I'll ask one and then scream off the air. What makes?"

"K to R-1," barked an immediate answer. "I've been monitoring for an hour, listening for your call. You can't land here, pal. Circle up-wind and bail out. Light a flare when you hit the water and we'll pick you up in a launch!"

"What?" Red yelled. "And wash out a good ship? What...?"

"It isn't my idea, fellow," the op came back wearily. "None of this picnic is. A Jap heavy sub jumped us about fourteen hours. One fish got our escort vessel. Another jammed our rudder. Our escort dropped some ashcans and blew the Nip to the surface. He can't submerge and we can't run away—so here we sit and shoot at one another in the dark until one or the other of us gets lucky."

GRIM-JAWED, Red sent the SU flashing down over the barking guns, so low that he could make out the blacker blackness of the flat-top below. All along her starboard rail, ack-ack guns and machine guns, depressed to their lowest point, were pouring fire toward the west. Out there the Jap sub, trapped on the surface, probably by smashed diving tanks or a sprung conning tower seam, was an elusive and invisible target. An accurate sight on that shifting, winking pinpoint of gunfire was impossible. On the other hand, the Jap had only a light deck gun and while his target was much larger, his range was limited. It was a nice mess.

"Why can't I make a landing on your deck?" Red demanded. "A small flare path is all I need. I can gas up, take on a few bombs and settle this baby!"

"No!" the operator's voice was sharp. "You keep off our deck, fellow. I mean it. Don't come near."

Scowling, puzzled, Red banked the SU toward the distant sub. He had no bombs but he did have two wing-guns with which to strafe the deck. A lucky shot might even...

Without warning the big M-63 powerplant choked and sputtered. Red yelped involuntarily and gaped at his instrument panel where the gas gauge needle seemed to have glued itself tight to the EMPTY pipe. The engine sputtered again and then caught, as he levelled off. A groan tore from Red's lips. He was out of gas. There wasn't even enough for a single nose-down strafing run across the sub's deck.

Cold sweat came out on his forehead. It wasn't the thought of bailing out over the black water that got him. It was realization of why he had been permitted to babble so extensively by radio when normally radio silence was imperative. The answer was obvious—the Jap had already radioed the carrier's position and condition. Other Jap vessels would be headed that way to make the kill—and there was nothing on earth Red Skye could do about it. Nothing...???

"Hey," he shouted suddenly into his mike. "How long would it take you to get under way again?"

"Half an hour—if we could get to work. We don't dare light up to see what we're doing as long as the sub's there. If we could sink him, we'd be out of here in a hurry."

"That's all I wanted to know," Red said. "Send your launch out to get me. I'll be somewhere in the wreckage of that sub."

He snapped off the mike, cutting off the op's excited yell. The engine was blurring steadily, getting ready to die. Red checked his seat-chute, shoved open the escape hatch and stood up. The wet wind cut at his face but he could still see the black line of the sub below.

"Here's looking at you," Red laughed, then, and shoved the SU's stick ahead.

The plane tipped over, glued its nose to the winking gun-light below and went howling down through the night sky. The Japs heard him coming, and tried to elevate the deck gun. They never had a chance.

Red's clawed hand caught the chute ring and pulled. He heard the pilot chute snap out and then a gigantic hand seemed to jerk him out of the open pit and hurl him, sick and dizzy, into the empty sky. He hung there, dazed, oscillating below the suddenly-opened chute—and below him a beautiful blossom of orange and crimson opened in the night.

The hurtling plane, held on course until the last possible minute, slammed the submarine squarely amidships. Wreckage was still falling when Red hit the water, tearing away his chute pack. He floated for what seemed a dazed eternity until he heard the rattle of a launch motor and voices calling. He yelled an answer and a minute later was being hauled aboard the launch to the tune of yelled congratulations.

"Tell me one thing," he managed, above the noisy greeting. "Why didn't you guys launch a plane—and why couldn't I land?"

"Simple, chum," an excited ensign cried. "Our deck is loaded full of bombers, boy. We're on our way to bomb Tokyo—and you're coming with us!"

Red Skye rides herd on the Japs in the next issue! Watch for it!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AND THE *PLANE THAT WOULDN'T STAY DOWN!*

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, AMERICA'S PEERLESS INVENTOR, AND HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN, CHABOD MUDD, ARE IN INDIA, LAND OF MYSTERY.

COME ALONG, ICKY! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE ALLIED AIRPORT AND DEMONSTRATE OUR NEW FLOATING PLANE!

BOY, IS IT GONNA SURPRISE EVERY BODY!

AT THE ALLIED AIR BASE, A STRANGE NEW AIRCRAFT PUZZLES THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN COMMANDING OFFICERS.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, MAJOR? DASHED QUEER THAT

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS TO DEMONSTRATE IT TODAY COLONEL!

IT SHOULD BE PEGGED DOWN WITH ROPES,--- AS IF IT MIGHT FLOAT AWAY!

HERE I AM, GENTLEMEN! YOU SEE THAT PLANE IS MADE OF **BERYLLIUM**---A METAL ALMOST AS LIGHT AS AIR ITSELF!

ICKY SHOOS SOME INDIAN FAKIRS AWAY FROM THE MOORING ROPES.

SHOO! GO 'WAY, YOU BEGGARS! IF YA LOOSEN THEM ROPES, THE FLOATING PLANE'LL FLOAT AWAY, DON'T YA UNDERSTAND?

YES, SAHIB! WE UNDERSTAND!

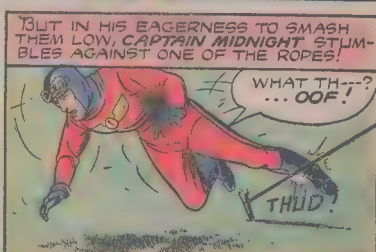
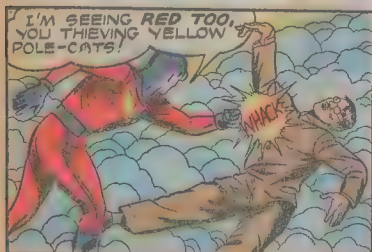
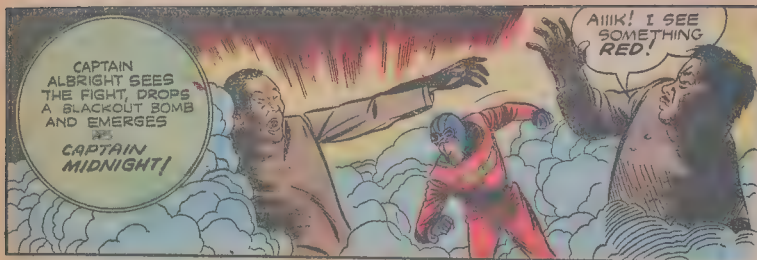
INDIAN FAKIRS WHO ARE **FAKERS!**

WE UNDERSTAND THIS IS HONORABLE GREAT INVENTION, WHICH WE WANT! KNOCK HIM AWAY!

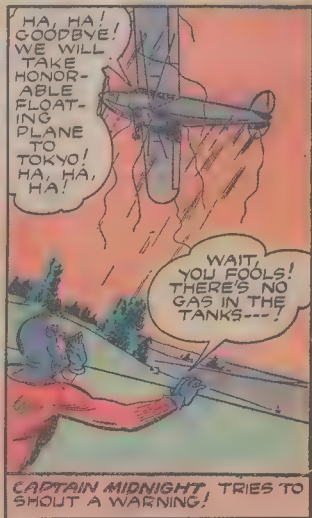
JAP SPIES! OWWW!

YES HONORABLE FJSHU!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



AND FUSHU IS QUICK TO SEIZE OPPORTUNITY!



BUT IT ISN'T TILL MINUTES LATER THAT THE JAPS REALIZE WHAT HE MEANT!

NOW START MOTOR! WITH POWER, THIS LIGHTER-THAN-AIR PLANE OUGHT TO MAKE REMARKABLE SPEED!

FUSHU--- MOTOR DOES NOT START! THERE IS NO GAS IN TANK!



THE JAPS HAVE ONLY TRICKED THEMSELVES INTO A DIRE FATE!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! GLAD TO SEE YOU! PARTICULARLY AT A TIME LIKE THIS

WELL, THIS PROVED THE FLOATING PLANE WORKS, ANYWAY! IT WENT UP LIKE A BLIMP!

YES, BUT THOSE BOOBS ARE DOOMED! WITHOUT ENGINE POWER TO COME DOWN, THEY'LL FLOAT UP THERE FOREVER!



C'MON, ICKY! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM! WHAT'S YOUR FASTEST AND HIGHEST- FLYING PLANE, MAJOR?

THE HURRICANE! TAKE ONE, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



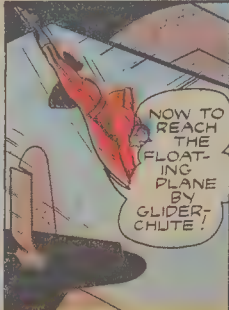
MOMENTS LATER, A BRITISH HURRICANE ZOOMS UP FROM THE AIR FIELD!



IT ISN'T THAT I CAN'T SEE THOSE POOR DEVILS FLOATING TO THEIR DOOM! BUT THAT SHIP MUST NOT FALL INTO JAP HANDS! THEY'D HAVE THE SECRET OF THE FLOATING PLANE!

THE HURRICANE OVERTAKES THE RUNAWAY PLANE

TAKE THE CONTROLS, ICKY! GET ABOVE THE FLOATING PLANE!



NOW TO REACH THE FLOATING PLANE BY GLIDER-CHUTE!

A DARING LEAP IN MID-AIR....

...AND CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT LANDS ON THE PLANE!



THROW ME A ROPE, ICKY! HURRY!

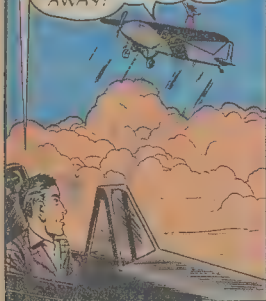
YEOW! MISSED! AND I'VE REACHED MY CEILING, CAP! I CAN'T GO ANY HIGHER!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AND ICKY CAN ONLY WATCH AS THE FLOATING PLANE KEEPS GOING HIGHER WITH CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT ABOARD!

JUMPING FIREBALLS! NOW, CAP'S STUCK WITH THEM! **JUMP, CAP!** USE YOUR GLIDERCHUTE AND GET BACK DOWN HERE!

GO DOWN, ICKY! I'M STAYING HERE! I CAN'T LET THIS PLANE FLOAT AWAY!



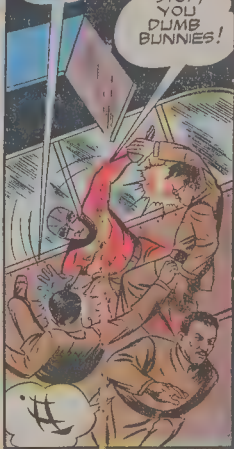
HELLO, RATS! NEED A FOURTH FOR BRIDGE.?



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! ATTACK HIM!

BEAT HIM UP! KILL HIM!

FOR THE LUVVA MUD! STOP, YOU DUMB BUNNIES!



DON'T YOU REALIZE WE'RE ALL IN THE **SAME BOAT**? HERE WE ARE IN A FLOATING PLANE, WITH NO WAY TO GET DOWN, AND YOU WANT TO FIGHT! **GULP! THAT IS RIGHT! STOP FIGHTING, MEN!**



THE MOST UNIQUE SITUATION CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS YET RUN INTO---BOXED UP IN A RUNAWAY SHIP WITH HIS ENEMIES!

NOW LOOK! WE MAY FLOAT LIKE THIS FOR DAYS---EVEN **WEEKS**. WE'RE CASTAWAYS IN THE **CLOUDS** INSTEAD OF ON AN OCEAN! GO EASY ON THE BISCUITS AND WATER---OUR ONLY FOOD SUPPLIES!

HOW CAN WE GET DOWN AGAIN?

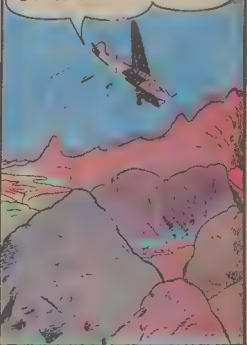
A TEMPORARY TRUCE IS CALLED ...

WE'VE GOT TO UNTIL WE ARE LIVES! ON YOUR SAFE SO-CALLED HONOR, NOW--- ON EARTH, WE WILL BE NEUTRAL! BACK!



OVER THE TOWERING, DANGEROUS HIMALAYAS DRIFTS THE FLOATING PLANE, DRIVEN BY THE WINDS OF CHANCE!

LOOK---THE HIMALAYAS---THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN RANGE ON EARTH! WE'RE DRIFTING RIGHT OVER THEM!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT LEAPS TO THE CONTROLS!!

WHAT IS YOUR PLAN?

I CAN STILL HANDLE THE RUDDER! I'M GOING TO TRY TO LAND US ON ONE OF THESE HIGH PEAKS! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

USING HIS TAIL FINS TO CREATE A DOWN-DRAG, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT LANDS THE PLANE ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK!

WE'RE SCRAPING! QUICK NOW--- JUMP OUT AND HOLD THE PLANE DOWN! BEFORE IT FLOATS AWAY!

IT IS FLOATING UP AGAIN! ... OOF!

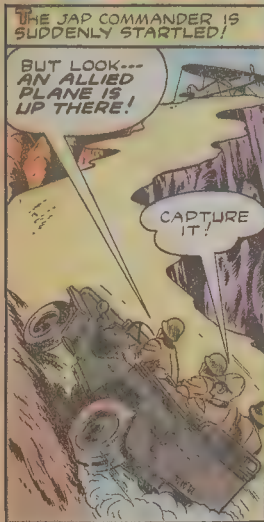
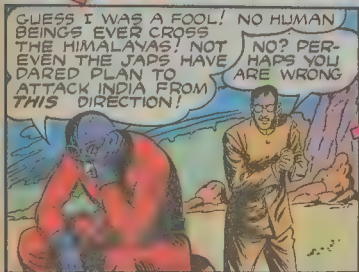
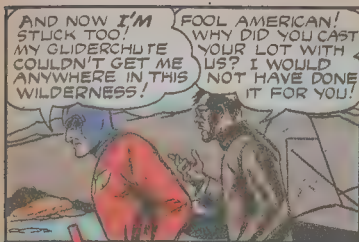
HOLD TIGHT! I RIPPED LOOSE THE RADIO WIRES! WE'LL USE IT TO ANCHOR THE PLANE DOWN!

FINALLY, THE FLOATING PLANE IS MOORED DOWN SAFELY!

THERE! YOU CAN LET GO NOW! WELL, WE'RE BACK ON SOLID GROUND AGAIN!

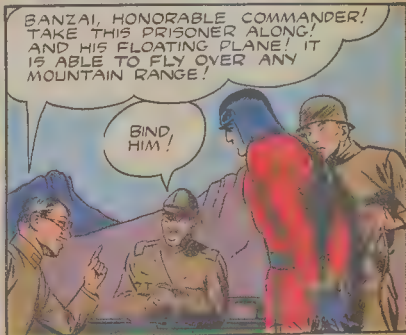
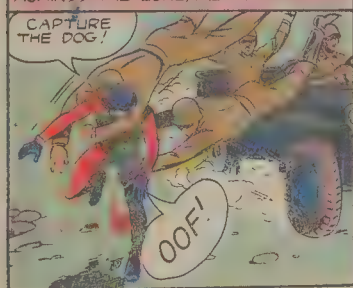
YES! BUT STILL SIX MILES IN THE AIR--- ON THE PEAK OF ONE OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS ON EARTH! WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO US? WE CAN NEVER CLIMB DOWN FROM HERE!

SAVED--- OR ARE THEY?

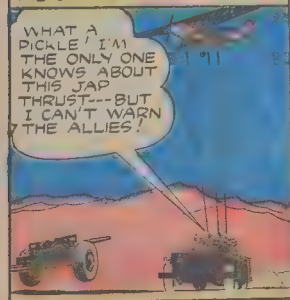




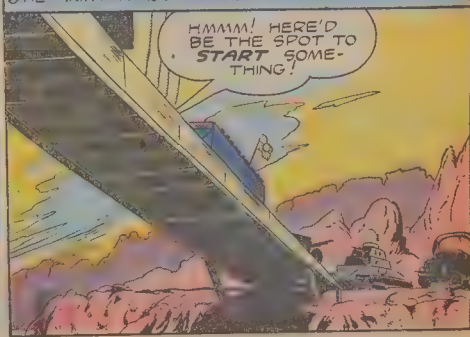
BUT THE VANGUARD OF THE JAP ARMY ARRIVES, WITH GREAT ODDS AGAINST THE LONE, VALIANT AMERICAN!



A PRISONER, **CAPTAIN MID-NIGHT**, IS FORCED ALONG WITH THE JAP INVASION FORCES!



THE ARMY WINDS ACROSS A DEEP GORGE!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT USES HIS SECRET BELT KNIFE TO FREE HIS HANDS!

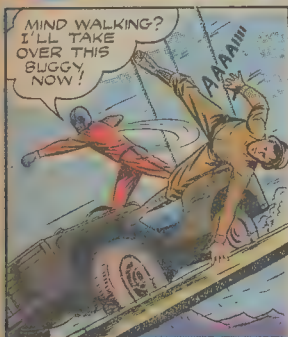


AH! THAT'S BETTER!



SO SORRY! I NEED ELBOW ROOM!

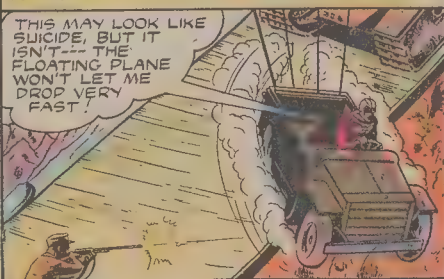
PRISONER LOOSE!



MIND WALKING? I'LL TAKE OVER THIS BUGGY NOW!

AAAAHHH

AND IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TURNS THE JEEP OFF THE NARROW BRIDGE!



THIS MAY LOOK LIKE SUICIDE, BUT IT ISN'T--- THE FLOATING PLANE WON'T LET ME DROP VERY FAST!



PART WAY DOWN, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT CUTS LOOSE THE DRAGGING WEIGHT OF THE JEEP!



THERE! NOW WE'LL RISE REAL FAST!

AND RIP THIS
SUSPENSION
BRIDGE APART!

WHEW! THANK GOODNESS,
PART OF THE BRIDGE IS
HANGING ON, HOLDING
THE PLANE DOWN!
AND HERE COME
BRITISH SCOUTERS!

REACHING
AN ALLIED
BASE CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT LOADS
THE FLOATING
PLANE WITH GAS,
AND RETURNS TO
THE MAIN BASE---
AS ALBRIGHT!

HEY, CAP! I DON'T GET IT!
LAST I SAW YOU, YOU
WERE FLOATING AWAY IN
THE FLOATING PLANE! NOW
YOU COME BACK UNDER
ENGINE POWER!

WELL,
ICKY!
IT'S A
LONG
STORY!

BUT WE'RE GOING TO MAKE
MORE FLOATING PLANES---
FOR SCOUTING DUTY OVER
HIGH MOUNTAINS! IT'S THE
ONE PLANE THAT CAN LAND
ANYWHERE!

IT NEARLY
LANDED
YOU IN
THE NEXT
WORLD!

THE RISING PLANE SNAPS THE BRIDGE,
PLUNGING THE JAP ARMY TO ITS DOOM!

HEAR CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT every evening, Monday through Friday, over these Stations

Austin, Texas	KNOW	Bala, Penna.	WIEU	Oklahoma City, Okla.	KTOK	Seattle, Wash.	KJR
Bakersfield, Calif.	KERN	Flint, Mich.	WFDF	Olean, N. Y.	WHDL	Shenandoah, Iowa	KMA
Baltimore, Md.	WCBS	Fort Wayne, Ind.	WOWO	Omaha, Neb.	KOWH	Spokane, Wash.	KFA
Bay City, Mich.	WELL	Fort Worth, Texas	KGKO	Philadelphia, Pa.	WFL	Springfield, Mass.	WSR
Beaumont, Texas	WBCB	Fresno, Calif.	KNEC	Pittsburgh, Pa.	KGV	Stanford, Conn.	WSR
Boston, Mass.	KDGM	Hartford, Conn.	WHBC	Pittsburgh, Pa.	WFL	Stanton, Conn.	KWS
Bridgeport, Conn.	WHCH	Indianapolis, Ind.	KXIZ	Pittsburgh, Pa.	KXK	St. Joseph, Mo.	KFEU
Buffalo, N. Y.	WNAE	Jackson, Mich.	WIBC	Raleigh, N. C.	WKIP	St. Louis, Mo.	KYOK
Burlington, Iowa	WBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	WFCI	Syracuse, N. Y.	WAGE
Cincinnati, Ohio	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Pueblo, Colo.	KOH	Toledo, Ohio	WTO
Cleveland, Ohio	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Troy, (and Albany), N. Y.	WRY
Columbus, Ohio	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Tulsa, Okla.	KFM
Dallas, Texas	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Waco, Texas	WACO
Dallas, Texas	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Washington, D. C.	WMA
Dallas, Texas	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Waterloo, Iowa	KRL
Dallas, Texas	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Wichita, Kan.	KPO
Dallas, Texas	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Wichita, Kan.	WWA
Dallas, Texas	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Wichita, Kan.	WFE
Dallas, Texas	KBB	Jackson, Mich.	WJW	Reno, Nev.	KOH	Wichita, Kan.	WTC

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FREE 5-POWER TELESCOPE

WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 35-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

Safe! Harmless!

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What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

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To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, DEPT. 1713
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Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charge.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.78 (a saving of 17c).

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PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

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SEND NO MONEY

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Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance! Then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. FAW
23 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.
☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name..... (Please print plainly)

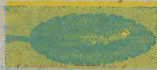
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Action

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Would you like a good civilian job vital to the war effort that has a bright future after the war? Would you like to be in line for promotions in rank and pay if you're called into Military Service? Then get my FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Find out how I train you at home to be a Radio Technician or Radio Operator!

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Radio has jumped from a great peacetime business to a booming war industry. The Radio repair business is booming because no new Radios are being made. Radio Technicians and Operators are needed—hundreds of them—for vital jobs at good wages.

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There's a real need in Army, Navy for trained Radio men. If you have completed a course in Radio you stand a good chance of being assigned to communications work. N. R. I. has trained many men who now hold specialist's ratings. Over 1,700 Service Men are enrolled with N. R. I.

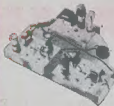


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Think of the NEW Jobs that Television, Frequency Modulation, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! You have a real opportunity. But the opportunity the war has given beginners to get started in the fascinating field of Radio may never be repeated. So take the first step at once. Get my FREE 64-page, illustrated book. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just mail the coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postal. Get started today on the road to better pay! **J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4BN5, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.**

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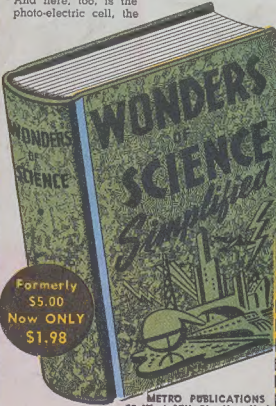
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